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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

FATHER GOERTZ writes for us of the "Heavenly Sons" from Zululand, in Natal, South Africa. Though the Zulu sons may be heavenly, their needs are still very much those of earth. Father Goertz has studied the missions in many parts of the world. We will carry more of his articles in future issues.

"TRUE PAGANISM cannot be imagined. It must be seen and heard to be believed." Sister M. Elise Wijnen, M.D. writes about Hinduism as she has seen it in Patna.

THERE WAS A REAL "TAMASHA" the day Ram Chandra "took a wife." He is one of the servants at Holy Family Hospital in Patna, so that's how the Medical Missionaries came into the picture.

SISTER M. PAULINE continues her sketches of Malabar. This time she writes about the churches founded there many centuries ago by St. Thomas the Apostle.

YOUR WILL . . . . .

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The Mission Intention

An Increase of Love for the Missions through Teaching, Writing and Preaching

As always, in giving us the mission intention for the month of September, the Holy Father strikes at fundamentals. This time he asks us to pray for "an increase of love for the missions through teaching, writing and preaching."

There's an old proverb, well known to us—"The appetite comes with the eating." We may coin another—"Mission love comes with knowledge." We cannot love what we do not know.

Here is where the role of the teacher, particularly the Catholic grade school teacher, assumes the greatest importance. Really, the teacher is the true mission educator. Missionaries may visit schools, show movies, give lectures, and all the rest—but unless the ground has been prepared by the teacher, much of the missioner's work will be lost. Or, what is worse still, his talk or movie may be completely misunderstood and only serve to deepen the pupil's notion that missionaries and the people among whom they work are different and out of the ordinary, something to be "enjoyed" or pitied, as the case may be.

If we face the problem clearly, we will admit that heretofore our teaching has been somewhat lopsided. As Father Considine of Maryknoll has put it—"Most of us who are grown up did not enter into life with any clear vision of an active obligation towards all mankind; we were never made mankind - conscious." Proof of this is the surprise experienced by so many of our servicemen on seeing the missions for the first time. They were impressed, they never really knew about the missions before. And why? Because somehow, somewhere, someone had failed to tell them.

The solution lies first of all with the grade school teacher. She can make her pupils mankind-conscious, and by that very fact, mission conscious. Does this mean teaching something new and different? Positively not! It only means emphasizing in their proper place those truths fundamental in our Catholic teaching—the essential unity of the human race, the brotherhood of man, universal salvation, the obligation of charity towards *all* mankind. The outlook of the Church is a world outlook. The outlook of *Catholic* teaching cannot fail to be an all-embracing, world outlook. Yes, if we must use the word, a missionary outlook.

This is not the place to point out the specific application of these principles in the school curriculum. After all, that is the work of the teacher. It is moreover, encouraging to see that a great effort is being made to make Catholic education mission conscious, that is, really Catholic. In this regard Father Considine's recent booklets—"World Christianity" and "Education to World Christianity"—must be mentioned. Here are two profound yet simple studies, which we would beg every Catholic teacher to read, chew over, digest, and then apply!

That the Holy Father has given us a mission intention of such vital concern to Catholic educators in this month of September of this year is no mere coincidence. He is pointing out a directive for the future. And how very much depends on following that directive we know only too well . . .

With the *"Heavenly Sons"*

By The Rev. Heinrich Goertz

Father Goertz with one of the Zulu chiefs

BLACK AND WHITE

I shall never forget the little mission hospital where I first made my debut in Africa. It lies somewhere in the hills of Zululand, hidden away from all the world.

About three thousand Zulus live in the vicinity of the hospital. Now the Zulus belong to the "bantu" tribes—meaning to *"The People."* Everyone likes to ride the high horse. Actually there is no difference between a "bantu" who declares with nose in the air that he belongs to *the* people on God's earth, and an American who proudly asserts that he hails from "God's own country."

A Zulu is even more high-flown, more self-possessed, for "zulu" means "heavenly son." A true Zulu thinks himself a cut above all other folks. And those tall, broad, "bronze Apollos" do look really "heavenly."

But their "heavenliness" does not insure them against earthly infirmities.

"Now they have a place where they *may* go when they feel sick," said the matron of the hospital. She laid a certain stress upon the word "may." I understood.

Religious superstition and suspicion of the *"white medicine"* still keep many away. The white doctor who first kills his patient by his strange medicines (in the narcosis) and then calls him back to life, seems to be even more mysterious, more incomprehensible than his rival, the black witch-doctor, who is the interpreter of the spirits' messages, the link between the ancestors and the living, the "protector" of the Zulu-society, the master of the magical and medical powers of herbs, roots, skins and bones.

WHERE THE HEAVENLY BABIES ARE BORN . . .

The very first words I heard when I entered the hospital were, "The hundredth baby is just born!" That coming of the hundredth baby had to be celebrated with cake and wine. One hundred babies — and the hospital had just opened its doors!

I stayed for six weeks in that hospital, and every day I went to the maternity ward where the "heavenly" babies made their first cry in Zululand. It was a most fitting place for those heavenly pickaninnies. Its cerulean ceilings and walls made even the blue vault above envious. From its windows one could look out to the blue rings of hills, to the green valleys, where in the morning, darkness fought with light in a fascinating struggle. And through all the windows streamed the freshest, purest mountain air.

"I should like to be a bambino again!" I said to the Sister, "to stay for some time in these heavenly rooms."

The black babies—but they do not seem to be black at all in the first few days of their life—do not differ from the babies in other continents. They smile just as captivatingly and

cry just as loudly and dictatorially as the little white, brown and yellow babies. And the black mother is just as motherly as the mothers in other countries; in her love she is just as happy and lavish as your mother and my mother have been. And always there is that smiling, tender look—sometimes still a little subdued by the pains of labor. And always those dark eyes roam restlessly, seeking the little blue cradle that contains the precious cargo . . .

THE "KOKOS"

"Look at that young mother!" said the Sister. "Now she is all happiness and smiles. Well, at last she has her baby. Five were still-born!" And to remain childless is considered here a mortal sin against the ancestors who run the risk of being forgotten and neglected. Responsible for the death of many a baby are the "kokos," the grandmothers, the old women of the kraal (native village). Childbirth among the Zulus is a mere woman's affair. The knowledge of these "midwives" is crude, their methods even cruder! They are the methods that centuries of Zulu history have handed down and that the kokos, those stubborn upholders of all tradition, wish to hand down to future generations. But the witch-doctors and kokos are gradually losing authority and credit, for the young generation now growing up no longer considers everything they say as dogmatic and final.

When I came to the hut of that woman the koko pronounced, "ex cathedra"—"She is not able to have a child!" I contradicted, "She will have a child, but she has to come with us!" The koko protested fiercely. However, the young husband backed me up and we took the woman to the hospital. She was a most difficult case. It was almost a miracle that we kept her sixth baby here in Zululand. It wanted to fly away like the rest! But it stayed, and the happy father danced and yelled in a transport of joy.

THE "UNCLEAN"

It was a gruesome evening. The babies were already playing with the angels. But outside a hell had broken loose. Sheet upon sheet of blazing light descended from the black skies, and torrents of rain dashed against the windows.

There came a rough rap on the door and a stocky Zulu lumbered into the room.

"Sister," he gasped, "Come quickly. My wife is very sick! She expects a child."

The Sister looked at me—"Would you like to come with us?"

"Certainly!"

"But thirty miles in this heavenly weather!" I felt almost offended.

Even before we entered the lorry we were completely drenched.

The thirty miles became sixty miles, for the lorry made all sorts of savage caprices on the slimy, slippery road that zigzagged through the hills. It boiled and chugged, slid backwards and sideways; but only inch by inch did it move forward. When we finally arrived at the kraal we first cleaned up the place, chasing into all directions about thirty women who were sitting idly in and about the hut where the young woman lay.

It was pitch-dark in the hut. A putrid stench almost knocked me over. I felt sick with nausea. The flash-light revealed the dreadful state of the room, but words fail to describe its filth and slush. The young mother was literally engraved in dirt and dung. They had not even wasted a sack on her. Nobody had looked after her anymore, since the kokos' method, which had been applied for some days, had not succeeded.

Then the Sister chased me out. "Keep away all people, even the authorities!" she said.

The rain had ceased. First I strode up and down before the hut like a sentinel. In the soggy gloom I saw dark figures moving about

A Zulu mother and her "heavenly son"

like ghosts. I made some very expressive remarks and gestures and they disappeared. Then I went and looked into the other huts. They were fine, clean and roomy. I cursed tradition and the kokos that made the young woman lie in a pigsty because she was "unclean." "Unclean!" I had already heard that rancorous word too often! Had not even a highly educated Buddhist monk in Siam told me, "You must know. A woman is always unclean!" I gave that worthy representative of Buddhism an answer that was not velvety. "Unclean!" The Zulus had the same idea and acted accordingly. They gave the smallest and dirtiest hut of the whole kraal to a pregnant woman.

Then the Sister ended my rumination, when she came out and said, "It's almost a hopeless case! Let's bring the woman to the lorry!" We did, and went off. The first question the young woman asked when she was put to bed was, "Sister, will my child live?" Love and fear uttered that question—the love of a mother, the fear of a woman who dreaded to disappoint her husband, the kraal and the ancestors.

Doctor and Sister did their utmost, but all their efforts were in vain. From the earthly land of the "heavenly sons" the young Zulu woman went immediately to the heaven of heavens. She was baptized just before she died. The next morning two coffins returned to the kraal. The Sister was bitter when she said, "It's not always superstition and fear that detain the women from coming to us. At times it's also their husbands' avarice. Very often they are well-to-do men, have great herds of cattle, but will not waste a penny on 'such a trifling matter.' And this is the tragic consequence of it!"

"But it's also a harsh lesson."

"Let's hope!"

A CONVERSATION

One evening I overheard a conversation a Sister held with a Zulu who had just visited his wife and child.

"Thank you, Sister, for the help and devotion you have given to my wife and child."

"It's my mission to help you whenever I can."

"And you don't go away anymore?"

"No, I remain here to work for you and your children."

The Zulu stared at the Sister, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. He fell silent. I saw he was cogitating upon the words he had heard. He did not understand.

Up to now he had had different ideas about white people. He had met many of them when he worked as a miner. He had believed that all white people came to Africa only to take, but never to give, to make the most selfish use of the black people, but not to be unselfish towards them.

"Good night," he said, almost inaudibly, and went away absorbed in thought. Those white women, dressed so oddly, they are strange women! What is it that makes them so different from the others? What kind of ideas are behind their attitudes and actions? Has that little Cross they wear upon their dress anything to do with it?

Certainly, he was still pondering all this when he arrived at his kraal.

And here it is where medical mission work begins to show its spiritual issues.

THE MASS AND THE MISSIONS . . .

What is the Mass? It is the continuation and application of God's Will to save. From the beginning He said that He would save us. He came and prayed and worked and suffered. At the Last Supper He rejoiced that all was ready. On the cross He stretched out His arms and did more than was required to save us. In the Mass He brings that salvific Will into effect for every soul throughout the ages. And now comes the important point as regards the missions. The daily drudgery under which we groan through life, offered on the altar when we come to Mass, becomes so united with His Will to save that it is actually the material with which the Kingdom of God is built up.

—T. Gavan Duffy

"Out of the Depths"

By Sister M. Elise Wijnen, S.C.M.M., M.D.

True paganism cannot be imagined. It must be seen and heard to be believed . . . .

Missionaries get used to many things with surprising ease and speed. The long years of mental and moral discipline during the time of novitiate and study prepare them for almost anything. The daily "grace of state," plus all the natural helps from companions and work, lead to a quick and cheerful adjustment to the new life in the missions. Dirt and smells, heat and dust, noise and clashing colors, language, food, manners, scenery, mosquitoes, all soon appear commonplace and almost inevitable. But one thing does not improve on acquaintance, nor does one ever get used to it. That is paganism. The rude shock of seeing open idolatry for the first time deepens into disgust and pity as the years go by.

Sarasvati—Hindu Goddess of Learning

But why are we so shocked at experiencing paganism when that lies at the very heart of the reason for which we left our own country? The answer is not difficult. One who has never seen paganism at close quarters is completely unable to picture it. It is quite true that there are plenty of "modern pagans" in the West, but theirs is not true paganism. The right word for that is materialism and indifference to religious matters. Such people still act largely on Christian principles. At least they maintain some Christian ideals. Honesty and good manners and kindness are still appreciated, even if they are no longer called justice and humility and charity. But true paganism is not indifference. It is idolatry. It cannot be imagined. It must be seen and heard to be believed.

IDOLATRY

High caste and well educated Hindus object if one calls them idolaters. They insist that they believe in one God, the Paramatma, the highest spirit, about whom they like to speculate and poetize in their talks and writings, so that Hindi literature contains some of the finest passages about the godhead of which natural reason and intuition is capable. But in actual practice the Hindu system recognizes some three hundred million gods and goddesses, and this is by no means speculative. At the Durga Puja, the greatest of the Hindu festivals in this neighborhood, the image of the goddess Durga, waving her nine pairs of arms, seated on a lion, hung with tinsel and splashed with paint, is carried in wildly hilarious processions through the streets, and finally thrown into the holy river Ganges. One look at the fanatical faces surrounding the chariot of the "Mother Goddess" is enough to make one realize the power of idolatry in India.

Nor is this type of thing reserved for special occasions only. The bazaars abound with little temples and shrines, often barely large

enough to admit one person, each containing one little statue of a god or goddess. All have their devotees, who come to "do puja," every day and at all hours. With hands joined in front of the face, bowing deeply from the waist, they enter the little sanctuary, singing their monotonous chant. Before the statue, on a little pedestal, they place their offering—a few rice kernels, some red powder, a little incense and some marigold or jasmine flowers. Then they adorn the statue, bowing and singing all the while, and close the ritual by sticking a little powder or some rice onto their own foreheads.

Every morning the Ganges is lined all along its banks with men and women who are taking their ceremonial baths. They wade in a little distance, bow deeply in all directions to adore the sun-god, then throw water with their cupped hands, plunge under and come up gargling the muddy fluid. All is done in specially prescribed attitudes according to strict rubrics which vary from place to place and from caste to caste. Any Hindu may, and often does, pick anyone he pleases to adore and venerate. No one will be surprised or annoyed. Logically speaking, no true Hindu could object or forbid it.

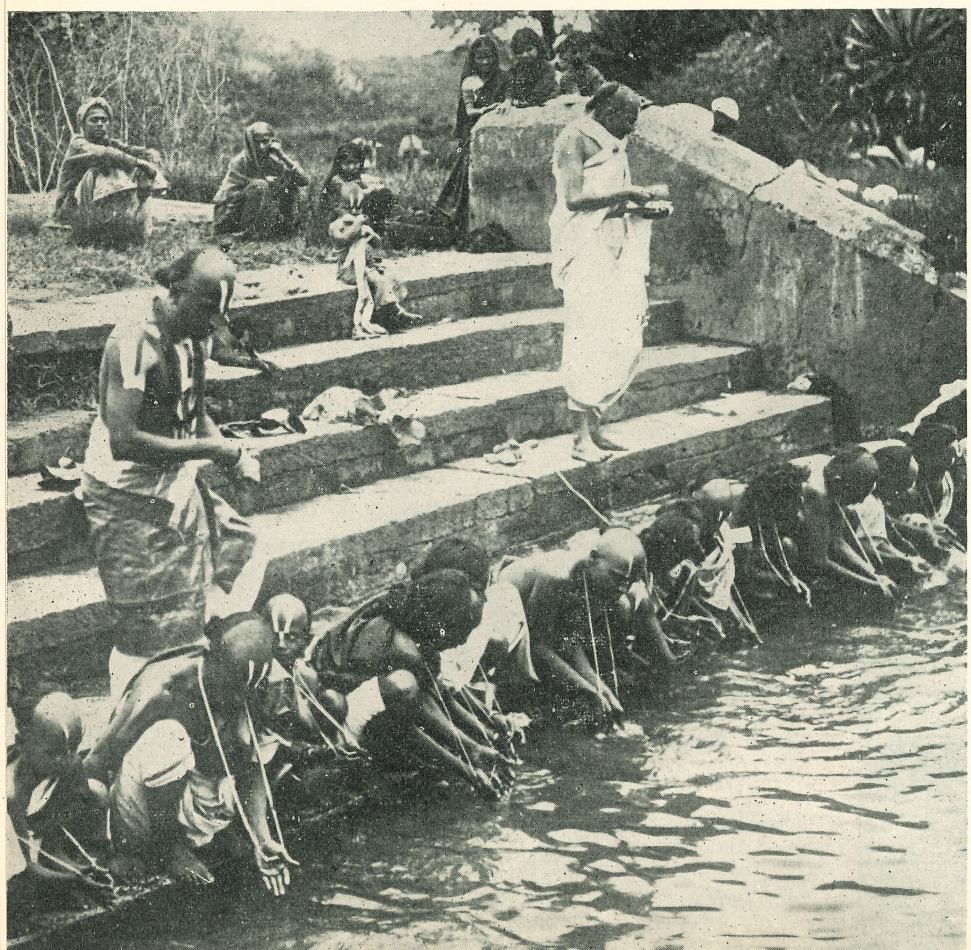
THE "UNKNOWABLE"

Now it is obvious that belief in many gods is against all reason and logic. How then, do educated Indians reconcile their high philosophic and mystical speculations on the one god with these common and accepted practices? Herein lies the essence of Hinduism. According to the holy books of India, God is a transcendent entity, unnameable, inaccessible to reason and the senses, unknowable, and without attributes. He just "is." He alone exists. All that we see is only an illusion. We are not creatures, but only an emanation from God's being. The world is not an actuality, a separate entity, but as it were, a composite dream of the godhead. The final destiny of man is absorption into this godhead. One who has attained to this doctrine in its entirety is a "ghyan," a wise man, and when he dies he will cease to exist forever. But until this stage is reached the soul must go from one reincarnation to another, higher or lower in the scale of beings, according to his deeds in life, for thousands and millions of years.

Naturally, so runs the Hindu explanation, the simple, ordinary mass of the people cannot grasp this "sublime" conception of the godhead. They need symbols and practices of devotion that gradually they may attain some idea of the unknowable. Therefore, God has manifested himself and has become "incarnate" in innumerable gods and goddesses. Vishnu, Shiva, Krishna, Hanuman, the monkey-god, and even Krishna-murti, the theosophic leader, are emanations from the godhead and may be adored as such. In fact, some would add Jesus Christ, Buddha and Mohammed to this list! Hence at present the huge pantheon of rival gods and goddesses stands firmly planted in the Hindu mind and in its social life.

SUPERSTITION

Thus we have puja and fasting at the main events of life—birth, marriage and burial. There are festivals innumerable, and pilgrimages far and wide. Benares is covered with temples, all doing a huge business. A Hindu may believe anything or nothing, spend his time and money on religious



Brahmins or Hindu holy men cleanse themselves in the Ganges. Around their necks they wear the sacred thread. The signs on their foreheads are caste marks.

Hindus must conform to caste rules. A woman of lower caste takes the dust off the feet of a higher caste woman.

practices or never give them a thought, live on the fat of the land or fast to emaciation, so long as he conforms to the caste rules and gives lip service to the holy books of Hinduism he can remain within the fold and no one will question him.

A little incident illustrates this. On a night of a moon eclipse a dancing, shrieking, yelling crowd, bathing in the Ganges, gave the neighborhood a sleepless night. This performance was necessary to scare away the demon who was devouring the moon! The next day a Jesuit father twitted one of his Hindu friends, a graduate of St. Xavier's College and a member of the bar, with this occurrence. Said the priest, "I hope you weren't one of that crowd that kept us awake last night?" The lawyer looked sheepish and admitted that he had been there. "But surely you learned all about the natural reasons for the moon eclipse in school?" said the priest in amazement. "Yes, Father," answered the Hindu, "but you see, you never know!"

There you have it in a nutshell—"You never know." Superstition and fear follow ignorance and are inseparable from it. In Hinduism all realities of senses and reason are denied as illusions. Nothing exists except God, and he is unknowable. What wonder that with such an ideal popular religion becomes a mass of contradictions and superstitions?

This is the pathos and the evil of Hinduism. From babyhood these people are accustomed to hearing contradictory statements, until they have become unable to grasp or even appreciate objective truth. It is not surprising that conversions are at a low ebb. Hinduism is a veritable fortress against all outside influences. Africa, with its ancient devil worship is turning to Christ. But India, subtle, intuitive, and speculative, intensely proud of its old civilization, still shuns the light. Perhaps that is more diabolical than the weird dances of witch doctors.

Yet the case is not hopeless. If we cannot reach the mind of India, except among the very young, still we can reach the heart through charity. This is one good which Hinduism cannot produce or counterfeit, and its appeal is universal. Our hospitals and leper asylums, our orphanages and homes for the aged, cannot fail to touch them in the right spot at last. Mission work in India is sowing—not reaping.

To my way of thinking, God trains us, through our disillusionments and mistakes, to understand at last that we must believe only in Him and not in men, which places us in the proper position to marvel at all the good which is in men in spite of everything, and all the good they do in spite of themselves.

—Jacques Maritain

Ram Chandra Takes a Wife

By Sister M. Caecilia, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Ram Chandra, our ward-sweeper, an up and coming young man of seventeen, announced in January that he wanted "chuty" (leave).

"Now?"

"Oh no, in March, from the 6th to the 16th."

This was an unusual request from such a "hand to mouth" community. The sweepers invariably come to work when given a day off. There is nothing to be done at home. The latter consists of a mud hut, without furniture. The whole family is employed at the hospital. Chuty is not much of a change for these people, who cannot read, and do not sew or "tinker." Then too, staying at home might mean missing a tip from an out-going patient.

But *this* was different—for big Brother Ram, smaller Brother Hira, and Sister Champa wished to unite their three wedding celebrations in one big "tamasha."

March 6th approached. Ram Chandra, important and grown-up, began to strut, for soon he would meet his bride-to-be for the first time. She lived in a village, a girl about to be brought to the city, not knowing what sort of man her future husband would be. One thing was certain, he would be a "dome," the same as her family. Domes are the lowest class of sweepers, looked down upon even by the ordinary sweeper castes.

The family borrowed three hundred rupees, killed the fatted pig, unearthed a hoarded pile of rice, hired a band and two horses (for the brothers) and took chuty.

On *the day* a big drum announced an arrival at the hospital gate. There was Ram Chandra, seated on a prancing horse, his face decorated with three strands of tinsel hanging from a colored turban, a woolen chadder (broad scarf) thrown about his shoulders (although

Drums and trumpets announced the arrival of Ram Chandra, seated on a horse, his face decorated with strands of tinsel hanging from a colored turban.

the temperature was 85 degrees in the shade) so that his new cotton shirt and tight-leg trousers were scarcely visible. After thus making his debut as a married man (there was no wife to be seen) Ram Chandra bowed, the trumpeter blew his horn, and the party moved off to announce to all and sundry that this man had been married.

But what about the wife?

She is the fourth in line of superiority in her new home, where the mother-in-law rules. She must sit around on the floor, listen to the family gossip and do anything she may be told to do. The eldest daughter-in-law will give her orders in the absence of the mother-in-law. If the second daughter-in-law goes to visit her own mother for a day or two our young bride might be ordered to take her place on the hospital staff. She is at the beck and call of her husband, is not consulted in anything (for what does she know?) and is not allowed inside a temple. Is it surprising, then, that she will in all probability be admitted to the hospital in a short time with a "beautiful textbook case" of hysteria?

She does not know about the dignity of the human soul. She has never been to school and cannot read, write or even sew. She has not been considered important enough to be taught any culinary arts, so what *can* she do but wait, patiently or otherwise, until she has a son old enough to have a wedding tamasha and another m o t h e r-in-law, daughter-in-law relationship emerges.

On the other hand, Christian girls are taught to take their proper place in the community. Cleanliness, industry, and personal dignity are not unknown to them. As their state in life is left to their own choice, some may become teachers, nurses or sisters. Otherwise they may even be allowed to choose their own husband.

A wedding is just as much an event in their lives. They too might have a band and a large family gathering. But the bride is a Child of Mary. She is not banned from going to church. She has been to school, has learned that she is a responsible person, and though the mother-in-law looms large, she is a Catholic, so there is more give and take in their relationship. Should it happen that the bride is taken from the ranks of the nursing profession (May the Lord forgive the thief!) then she is an important consultant in the family circle. She knows how to treat minor ailments and to feed the family well. Order is second nature to her and uncleanliness anathema.

We are living for the day when there will be so many trained nurses in India that we will not mind whether the products of our training schools remain in the profession as such or say "I will" preceding a tamasha!

CHURCHES OF ST. THOMAS

By Sister M. Pauline, S.C.M.M., R.N.

To most of us, the Apostle, St. Thomas, is best known as the "Doubting Thomas" of the Gospel. But here in Malabar the spirit of the Saint lives and breathes everywhere. Tradition tells us that seven churches were founded on this coast by St. Thomas himself, at the very time when Malabar was divided into many petty kingdoms and was inhabited for the most part by Hindu Brahmins. All these churches were established on the seashore or along river banks. First the Apostle would plant a large cross and after converting a sufficient number, would build a church. In some instances too, already existing temples were turned into churches.

It was at Cromganoor, then a flourishing seaport on the Malabar Coast and the capital of an ancient Hindu kingdom and stronghold of the Hindus, that St. Thomas first landed in 52 A. D. A royal wedding was being celebrated at the time of the Saint's arrival. Naturally he attracted much attention and was considered an intruder, for a young man from the crowd went up to him and slapped him across the face. True to the teaching of Christ, the Apostle did not retaliate the blow but told the young man that God would mete justice to him. A short time later the prophecy was fulfilled. A large dog bit off the hand which had struck the Saint and ran with it to the crowd. St. Thomas took the hand and sent for the young man. Before a large multitude of people he healed him. Immediately the royal family and all those present who witnessed the striking miracle embraced the faith and received baptism. Moreover the son of the King and his newly wedded princess promised before the Saint to lead a virginal life. Later

this young prince was raised to the priesthood by the Apostle himself.

The cross erected by St. Thomas in this place was preserved until the 17th century and many miracles were wrought there. Not only Christians, but even the Hindus made offerings at the shrine. Now all the families living in this district are Christians.

A second Church was founded by the Apostle at Quilon, still a Catholic stronghold in India and the seat of a bishopric. In the place where the Saint gathered the converts a large church was built but was destroyed in later years by storms and the sea. The kings of Quilon granted these early Christians many titles and special privileges which were engraved on copper plates and are preserved to this day.

Chael was the third Church built by the Apostle, although now only its ruins remain. A pestilence swept the town and the few survivors fled, thus carrying their faith to other parts of India. The stone cross planted by St. Thomas is that now venerated in the church at Kanjgirapilly, and the statue of St. Sebastian in St. Mary's Church at Bharananganam is believed to have been brought originally from the church of Chael. Every year during the feast of St. Sebastian this statue is carried in procession and an oil lamp engraved with a figure of the Hindu god, Krishna, is borne before it. This is strange in a Catholic church, but this particular lamp was actually given to the Christians as an offering from the Hindu temple many, many years ago. Even now offerings are still given at times by the temple.

In Niranam St. Thomas first placed a large Cross which so infuriated the Brahmins of the vicinity that he had to remove it a short distance away. In this place a false charge was also brought against the Saint. A child was born to a Hindu woman, who was induced to state publicly that it belonged to the Saint. Naturally this only increased the fury and hatred felt for him. The woman had already killed the child, but St. Thomas in refuting the charge, ordered the dead body to be brought to him. Then, in the presence of a large company, he ordered the lifeless form in the name of God, to tell the name of the father. This the dead child did, and the fury of the people of the Nirnam was lessened.

In Kokamangalam, the Hindus were so opposed to the Saint that they took the cross planted by him and threw it into the sea. Some Christians living nearby saw a brilliant light shining on the shore and went to investigate. There they found the cross which they carried to their own church where it is still preserved and venerated.

The sixth church founded by St. Thomas was at Kottakauvu, but both the cross and the church were destroyed by Tipu Sultan, a Mohammedan invader from Mysore, in the 18th century. When St. Thomas had converted some of the families there, the others became very much infuriated. Once during one of their important Hindu festive processions there arose a terrible storm, causing great confusion. Many were hurled to the ground senseless. In desperation the people called upon St. Thomas to come to their help. He went to the scene and sprinkled water on the senseless forms lying on the ground. The amazed bystanders saw the water rise in the air as beautiful flowers and all those who had been stricken were revived. Through this miracle many believed in the Apostle's teaching and the Hindu temple was turned into a Christian church.

The seventh church of St. Thomas was established at Palur, now in the Trichur diocese. This too was a stronghold of the Brahmins. One day as St. Thomas was walking near the water tank adjoining the temple he saw many Brahmins sitting on the steps praying as they threw handfuls of water into the air. He went over to them and asked if they could make the water they were tossing remain suspended. They replied in the negative of course, and after some conversation they told the Saint that if he could do so they would believe in his teaching. Thereupon St. Thomas also tossed a handful of water into the air. Much to their wonder it did remain suspended. Great numbers then followed him and all those who did not left the place in great indignation. This temple was likewise turned into a church and the church and tank are still standing to this day. Even now any Brahmin visiting this town will never take food or water from or in the town.

St. Thomas also consecrated a bishop and many priests in his journeys through Southern India. Many of the families now living in Malabar can trace their ancestry directly from these early Christian families and in every generation there have been priests in the descendents who have succeeded one another all down the line.

It is always easy to let the age have its head; the difficult thing is to keep one's own.

—*G. K. Chesterton*

The Mission Clipper

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

Father John T. S. Mao, founder and first pastor of St. Therese Chinese Catholic Mission in Chicago has left recently for Nanking, China, where under the sponsorship of Bishop Paul Yu-pin he will establish a College of Social Service—the first national Catholic school of its kind in China.

A plan of Catholic education for Chinese boys and girls is now in effect whereby fifty students will be enrolled each year in Catholic colleges and universities of the United States. After completing their studies they will return to their native land to assist in a strong Catholic foundation.

Fu Jen

NEW ANTI-MALARIAL DRUG

There is good news for the missioners in the discovery of a new anti-malarial drug, called paludrine. This new compound, which has been discovered by a group of chemists and biologists who have been working on malaria problems for some years, has advantages over former modes of treatment. It is many times more effective than quinine and three times more powerful than mepacrine. It is also a simpler chemical compound than any previously used anti-malarial drug.

Clinical trials of paludrine have been tried on patients by the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine with excellent results. Supplies of the drug were flown to Australia for extended trials which have confirmed the efficacy of the drug and the fact that it is less toxic than either quinine or mepacrine.

—The Catholic Hospital

MARYKNOLL IN AFRICA

The new field of the Maryknoll Missionaries in Africa is most promising. For some years Africa has been one of the regions richest in converts to the Church. Almost one out of every three foreign-mission priests in the world is serving the Church in Africa, while almost fifty percent of the foreign-mission Sisters are laboring on that continent. Africa leads the foreign-mission field in the number of catechists, and it has about forty percent of the Catholic schools of mission lands. The latest statistics available show that the thousand mission dispensaries in Africa treat more than 11,700,000 cases yearly.

The Maryknoll priests who left for the African missions in July will minister to 296,000 people inhabiting 8,250 square miles. Their task is a challenging one, since only 13,800 natives are Catholics and most of the others are pagans.

—Maryknoll

MISSIONARY SCIENTIST

The Examiner, of Bombay, reports the death of a veteran missionary scientist, Father Athanasius Hellermayer, of the Bavarian Province of the Capuchins, in Chile, South America.

Father Hellermayer was particularly known for his research in botany. Some twenty-five years ago, at the age of sixty, he began a systematic study of the flora of Araucania. He built up several notable botanical collections and brought to light several species of plants never catalogued before. A new genus of plants discovered by him was named in his honor, "Hellermayera silvatica." He was a Corresponding Member of the Chilean Academy of Natural Sciences. He likewise discovered a new genus and several new species of insects which have also been classified with his name. From his personal herbarium he furnished valuable specimens to a great many botanical gardens throughout the world and to specialists. Some 12,500 specimens of plants were furnished to the Catholic Universities of Chile and LaPlata in Argentina and to the Botanical Gardens of Bogota, Berlin, Munich and Paris. Some went as far as Finland. Five years before his death, when already eighty years of age, Father Hellermayer was still able to go about on horseback on mission journeys and sick calls. In the last few years, though almost completely blind and verging on deafness, he continued his work in the confessional, using a special hearing apparatus for the purpose.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. Maurice B. Alexander
Solomon Island, Md.

Sister Mary of St. Michael
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lt. Louis Klingenberg
Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Andrew J. Kierein
South Bend, Ind.

Mr. Louis Gallon
Chicago, Illinois

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

BOMBAY'S FIRST INDIAN BISHOP

The election of the Right Rev. Valerian Gracias, Rector of the Pro-Cathedral Parish of the Holy Name, to be Auxiliary Bishop for Bombay marks the appointment of the first Indian bishop in the northern half of India. Hitherto, in South India alone, by reason of the large number of Catholics and other favorable conditions, has the Holy See been able to give full effect to the policy of Indianization. There are now eighteen Indian bishops in that area. The appointment of Bishop-Elect Gracias holds much hope for the future development of the Archdiocese.

—The Examiner

News from At Home and Abroad

At Home

Profession and Reception

The Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, August 15th, was a day of special rejoicing for Medical

SISTER M. ESTHER

Missionaries in many parts of the globe. Both at home and in the missions eighteen members of the community pronounced their perpetual vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience in the Society. On the same day three novices made their first temporary vows and seven postulants received the religious habit.

At the Motherhouse the ceremony of reception and profession came at the close of an eight day retreat given by the Rev. John J. Middleton, Ph. D. of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas F. McNally of Jenkintown presided at the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Charles J. Mahoney, C. S. C. The sermon for the occasion was preached by Father Middleton. The Rev. Andrew Ansbro, C. P. of Jamaica, N. Y. was also present in the sanctuary.

The Sisters who made their final vows at the Motherhouse are: Sister M. Alphonsa, Sister M. Peter, Sister M. Lucia, Sister M. Rosina, Sister M. Regina, Sister M. Henrietta, Sister M. Cyril, Sister M. Renee, Sister M. Christopher, and Sister M. Frederic.

SISTER M. DANIEL

First vows were pronounced by: Sister M. Esther (Joanna Meutz), of Oakdale, Pa.; Sister M. Christine (Katherine Jobson), of Louisville, Ky., and Sister M. Daniel (Mary Catherine Zosso), of Chillicothe, Mo.

New Novices

The following postulants received the grey habit of the Society and began their two years of novitiate: Miss Margaret Freeman, of Willows, Calif., Sister M. Samuel; Miss Marion Baker of Brooklyn, N. Y., Sister M. Raymond; Miss Mary Patrick Euper of Fort Smith, Ark., Sister M. Roberta; Miss Dorothy Canary of Roanoke, Va., Sister M. Dorothy; Miss Dorothy Beckman of Jasper, Ind., Sister M. Bede; Miss Catherine Sayers, of Toledo, Ohio, Sister M. Virginia; and Miss Madeline Andrews of Eunice, La., Sister M. Stanislaus.

Profession in the Missions

Though widely separated by land and sea, we were all one in rejoicing with the following sisters who pronounced their perpetual vows in the missions. In India they are: Sister M. Caecilia, Sister

SISTER M. CHRISTINE

M. Dolores, Sister M. Augustine, Sister M. Nicola, and Sister M. Damien. Sister M. Clare and Sister M. Philip made vows in the home missions, in Atlanta, Ga. and Santa Fe, N. M., while in Holland Sister M. Agatha likewise made her perpetual profession.

India

Rawalpindi

We have very encouraging news from Rawalpindi this month— all about the building of the new Holy Family Hospital. Sister Alma Julia, who is in charge of the project, gives the details . . .

With Pick and Shovel

"Last Sunday," she writes, "Sisters Ann, Elise and Stephen came down from Murree, so we all went out to visit the new hospital site. Just now most of the basement and foundations have been cut out of the hard ground and they expect to start the cementing any day. The digging has been very slow. About two hundred coolies worked at it, but for such a large hospital it takes a long time. They use shovels and picks, and the ground is hard and the sun very hot. When they get a few shovel loads on a donkey's back (in burlap bags slung on either side) the donkey is driven to the end of the lot where the ground is lower, and the earth is dumped. With a steam shovel most of the work which now takes weeks could have been done in a couple of days.

"The contractor told us that after the basement and foundations are laid the walls will go up quickly, as he can put many more men on laying bricks, carrying mortar, etc. He expects a thousand men to be working on the hospital very soon. Of course, once the walls are up, fewer men will be needed again for the finer work—putting in windows, cupboards and a hundred and one other items.

This Business of Bricks

"On the grounds all about us are piled one million bricks, heaps of sand and gravel, piles of timber and what-not. The bricks are being collected as fast as the men can make them in the kilns. We had to get special permits to get the coal to burn the bricks, which sounds like the house that Jack built. The demand far exceeds the supply of everything out here. But since we are a hospital we are getting priorities.

"In and about Rawalpindi there are fifteen kilns. Just now twelve of them are making bricks for Holy Family Hospital. The mud mixture is mixed and put into molds by hand and then turned out in the sun to dry until hard enough to stack in the kilns. Since everything is done by hand this takes a long time but provides work for many people. On the grounds too, the breaking of the stone, mixing of cement, etc. is still done by hand. There are no stone crushers, no cement mixers, no machinery—unless some should appear by surprise—some day!"

Patna

News from Patna is a little on the rainy side this month. Sister M. Augustine writes that "The rainy season or monsoon has started. The rain comes down in buckets about six or seven times a day. The kitchen compound is one huge lake, not a dry spot left. The boys have put down boxes and planks for us, the dainty ones who wear shoes and stockings. These are really a nuisance in this weather, as they get terribly wet and we have no chance o getting them dry.

"We carry umbrellas almost everywhere, and it looks as though we'll have to use them inside too. Many of the roofs are no longer waterproof. The nurses' quarters and some of the wards are full of puddles."

At the laying of the cornerstone of Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi. L. to R.: Sister M. Alma Lalinsky, M. D., Mother Anna Dengel, M.D., Sister M. Alma Julia, Sardarni Atma Singh, Mrs. Cuthbert King, Rev. Father Meyer, Pro-Prefect of Kashmir and Kafristan, and Mr. Cuthbert King, Commissioner of Rawalpindi District.

FOR THIS IS OUR GOAL

Make plain to the world by your example that men do not live to rend one another in jealous fratricidal strife, but rather to unite, as beings destined for eternal bliss, in a sacred pact with God and one another. The goal set by God for human society is love, peace, concord and union.

- - Pope Pius XII